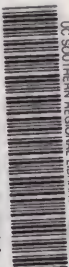


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1950

LADY HARCOURT

LONDON, Oct. 25 (AP) — Lady Harcourt, a retired concert pianist and wife of Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, a Royal Navy chief of personnel, died at her home here yesterday. Lady Harcourt was the mother-in-law of Yehudi Menuhin, violinist.

She appeared on concert stages and with leading symphony orchestras throughout Europe under her maiden name of Evelyn Sauret in the years before the first World War.

Lady Harcourt was born in India, a daughter of the late Brigadier General Suart. She studied piano under Leschetisky in Vienna, where she made her professional debut. In 1910 she was heard with the Warsaw and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras. She established attendance records at the Saturday and Monday "Pops" concerts in London. In 1930-32 she was president of the Society of Women Musicians.

Lady Harcourt was married in 1910 to Gerald Gould, who died in 1916. Their daughter, Diana, became the second wife of Menuhin in 1947. Admiral Harcourt married Mrs. Gould in 1920.

This author?

"The Journey," by Gerald Gould, is the second English book I would offer you. Mr. Gould is a poet of talent, more concerned with the great questions of life and love. There is a wistfulness, a chiming melancholy about his work that makes him particularly poignant as a singer of lost loves. At times the spirit that Arthur Symonds, Ernest Dowson and the men of their time revealed so often in their work is to be found in Mr. Gould's work. Let me quote a sonnet that will show his poet's measure:
Love, do you love me? All the winds go by, the days therewith; and And all, the days therewith; and still, and still,
The lonely tree upon the lonely hill
Stands dark and changeless in the changing sky;
Beneath it cry the waves, and the winds cry
About it, and have never cried their fill;
They cry for wasted faith and broken will,
And every wave and every wind is I.
Love, will you love me when the winds forsake
The hollow day and hollow night, and leave,
In place of our warm human heart that grieves,
Only the lack of all worth grieving for?
When there's no faith to waste not will to break,
And the waves cry and the winds cry no more.

"a pleasing bargain."

GERALD GOULD



English critic who turns novelist
"Isabel," published by Brewer, W
& Putnam.

Gerald Gould's Poems

Collected Poems. - By Gerald Gould. \$3.00.
New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd.

MR. GOULD is primarily an academic poet; he is a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and was, for some time a lecturer at University College, London. Despite his present interest in journalism, his is primarily the academic point of view, the classical tradition. Not that this is a defect especially in Mr. Gould's hands. He makes the old forms seem more adequate, more vitally fresh than do the modernists' irregularities. Harmony, thoughtfulness, tranquillity, appreciation of the finer essences of life—these are his outstanding qualities. His rhymes are pleasantly varied; his imagery full of color and spontaneous; his themes essentially those of a scholar and a gentleman. Some of his poems reflect the spirit of English country side; the whole group on the Mountain Eagle, for example. Others are more reflective—the sonnets and the group "Poems for One Person." The many sonnets are decidedly philosophical and while not at all new or startling, are most satisfying as giving a sense of permanence to what everyone longs to feel will endure.

Others of the sonnets are a bit despairing in their tone, such as:

For love is born in pain and bred to loss;
Others it saves, itself it cannot save;
Its dreams are thick with fears past dreaming
of;

The lover is naked; all he had, he gave;
Only he bears, as Christ bore, his own cross.
The burden of intolerable love.

Mr. Gould has proved he has a genuine vein of inspiration; he is simple without extravagances of thought, feeling or expression; his verse will respond to a wide variety of moods but they also show always a decent reticence for the inviolable secrets of the human heart.

POEMS

I went before breakfast in a field full of buttercups;

My love was not there, my love was far away;

But there before breakfast in the field full of buttercups

My love came and found me, came from far away.

She came with the sunlight about her, caressing her.

She came with the dreams not yet rubbed from her eyes;

Like a grave happy child was the sunlight caressing her,

And her dreams like happy children lurked and laughed
in her eyes.

Something was loosened that had hardened in the heart of me;

Wide through the world flowed the golden stream of love;

Did the dawn-thrush call through the air or from the heart
of me?

Though my love was absent, I was happy with my love.

.....Gerald Gould in "My Lady's Book".
(copied from K.F.'s book)

POEMS

By

GERALD GOULD

Born 1885



NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
MCMXII

112

AUGUST 3, 1924

Gerald G Free

LONDON, July 18

THE Poets' Club is a society that meets at dinner about once a month and discusses poetry. It is one of a species of association that attaches itself to literature in the hope that people of literary distinction will attach themselves to it. Enthusiasm for literary people rather than for literature is usually the keynote of these societies. The number of poets who are members of the Poets' Club is inconsiderable, but among the membership, mingled with the instinct to belong to something, the prospect of opportunities for flirtation in a mixed assembly and the desire for social and convivial ship, the

London Times, and to other world of (continental) society. By a recent process of exclusion author was found to be. d confessed the fact, an English correspondent of no particular importance, but endowed with a graceful and the habit of keeping a diary and a scrap-book of newspaper clippings. His name was Albert Dresden Vandamm. He was acquainted with several acknowledged books to his credit in Mr. Gleanly his was a use where his name would have rather detracted from man added to the fame of his work.

"Uncensored Recollections," although in style and substance strongly suggestive of "An Englishman in Paris," quite obviously belongs to the category mentioned, for the revelation of the author's name would doubtless prove embarrassing to certain persons. Still, like the Van-der-Graves book, it is an important contribution to Continental biography, not overlooking that of London, New York and Boston, while as to its capacity for giving pleasure, there is no possible doubt—it is as delicious as the other Englishman in Paris, while slips are those of memory rather than of attempted description.

the cosmopolitan Paris proceeding with ever increasing rapidity until it evaporates

From "The Contest"

Ah, not the less for that put on
The armour that you ought to
wear!
For, when your friends and fights
are gone,
The thing you fought for will be
there.

—From "The Collected Poems of
GERALD GOULD."

*Luella P
Eventt*
To

MABEL AND STANGER PRITCHARD

My love is fair, she is better than fair to me;
She puts me in mind of a wild white sea-gull

 flying over the sea;
She puts me in mind of a dim wind going softly
 in the grass

--Of things remembered, and young things, and things
 that shall come to pass.

Always from a boy, as I walked the evening road
And saw the curtained windows where the warm
 light glowed,

I have desired little children, and old songs, and sleep,
And an ache has come in my throat for the need
 I had to weep.

But now the doors of all kind homes have I passed through,
And found the room of my own heart warm and bright
 with you,

And found the little children there, playing round
 the fire,

And found the peace that is dreamier than sleep and the
 songs beyond desire.

 ...Gerald Gould in "My Lady's Book."
(copied from K.F.'s scrap-book)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE Author begs to thank the Editors of the following papers for their courtesy in allowing him to reprint some of the poems in this book :—
The *Fortnightly Review*, the *English Review*,
McClure's Magazine, the *Thrush*, the *Tramp*,
the *Neolith*, the *Spectator*, the *Oxford Magazine*,
the *New Age*, the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Evening Standard* and
St. James's Gazette.

Welcome

Gerald Gould, in *London Observer*.
It has come back—and who but you should
bring it?
What beauty but your beauty should
compel
Out of the silence one great bell, and
ring it
As though the night of stars were one
great bell?
It has come back—and gonfalon and pen-
nant
Break into crimson blossom at a word
—A word like whirlwinds, with a dream
for tenant
That was not spoken—and that was not
heard.
It has come back—and I, whose lips have
waited.
Silent, in awe, the touch of fire and dew.
Find silence turn to music, as was fated
—And, at the blind heart of the music,
you.

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9

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The deepest seas and the furthest lands 53
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I

LONESOMENESS

A CHILD went down to the sea-shore to find
Shells and bright stones, the means of happiness.
The hush of waves, scarce broken to confess
That old reiterate trouble undivined,
In casual splash and sob along the beach,
Seemed almost willing now at last to teach
Its secret, to a mind
So tender and so tranquil and so free.
The sun was golden all about the sea,
With here and there a sail,
Remote and strange and frail,
Fantastically floating in the haze,
Lost in the beauty of this day of days
Thus sanctified and sundered from the years—
A world so fair it scarcely seemed to be.
So stood the child at gaze ;
And they that found him found him full of tears
Beneath the benediction of the sky—
A little figure passionately crying ;
And at his feet the shells and stones were lying
Unheeded—and he could not tell them why.

II

HERE are the heights and spaces ; here, in view
Of love and death, the silence and the sky,
We are content to put contentment by
And work our sad salvation out anew.
Here, all mean ways of living, all untrue
Measures of life, are done with : you and I
Can gauge our deeds by God's eternity,
And find the right a simple thing to do.

But when the uplifting moment passes—when
The pitiful happenings of everyday
Encompass us, and windy words of men—
Will not the years beset, perhaps betray ?
Now, 'tis not hard to plan the perfect way :
Will it be easy to walk in it then ?

III

You walk in a strange way,
Your motions sing ;
Your eyes have a thing to say,
A secret thing.

Your speech is soft as the sighs
Of the blown South ;
Your face is a flower to mine eyes,
A flame to my mouth.

IV

MORTALIA

SING to me now no more, my dear ; the tenderness
Of what you sang abides about this heart of mine
As the sea-spray and long sea-cadences possess
Some stark and sombre cave that fronts the far
sea-line.

The song was glad, I know, and you were glad to let
The prisoned music leave your soul ; yet, whence
the sting,
That sorrow should rise up, and blind and dumb
regret,
Because your eyes and voice are happy when you
sing ?

It is not hard for you, you know not why, to change
Life and the quiet places we inhabit here
Into a pageant of the hopes and fears that range
The highways of the heart, where hope is one with
fear.

Your voice is as a mist, wherethrough the senses see :
A King goes forth—I know the things the trumpet
saith :

Here by the dim fireside, my head upon your knee,
I watch a thousand spears travel the way of death.

The hollow halls of night are hung with all their fires ;
Dawn shows the shining ships, grey gulls and silver
sand ;

The cities of my dream assault the sky with spires,
Pale to the sun and moon, the lures of fairy-land.

Your singing stays about the chambers of my blood
As bird-songs in the haunts of summer twilight
stay ;

Your singing fills my heart as evening fills the wood,
When all the boughs are black and all the spaces
grey ;

So, sing to me no more, but let the silence speak
Far through a mist of tears, out of a secret place :
Sing to me now no more, my dear, but bring your
cheek

Nigh unto mine, and loose your hair about my face.

V

A SONG OF DEMOCRACY

I HEARD a voice across the grey
Such as might be a comrade's voice,
Elect of elemental choice
To give me greeting on my way—
Appointed through the dusk to send
The apt inflections of a friend
With fond familiar things to say—

“ I think your path is mine,” it said,
“ But whither, neither of us knows—
Only the mist about us flows,
Only the drifting dark is shed—
If I came nigh and touched your hand
We both should better understand,
Perhaps, the wherefore of our tread.”

Then I became aware of much
Surrounding motion—many feet,
With no loud emphasis of beat,
All stepping softly by me—such
A tremor of companionship
As stabs the blood when lip to lip
The lover and his lady touch.

Soft as the sob of mountain springs
Faint-heard across the slopes of heather ;
Soft as when aspens shake together ;
Soft as the whirr of homeward wings
That draw in flight from far away
And fan the fading last of day
On pleasant summer evenings.

So soft, so intimate and dear,
The rustle that my comrades wrought ;
And through the shadowland I thought
I saw them shadowlike draw near ;
And wonderful it was to me
The instance of their march to see,
The whisper of their march to hear.

I saw them gods of ancient time,
And servants of the sword and soil,
Women grown bitter old with toil,
And queens of beauty known to rhyme,
And boys whose virtue was but trust
In exaltation out of dust
To where the stars of morning chime.

Always the drifting darkness drew,
Between me and the shapes I saw,
A curtain such as customs draw

Between the false life and the true ;
Yet I was troubled not, but went
In company with them, content,
Because they smiled from eyes I knew !

Oh welcome as the widening light
That shows the morning beautiful !
Oh welcome as the calm and cool
Caresses of the healing night !
Oh welcome as a kiss in Spring,
Was unto me the journeying
With friends beside me, left and right !

It seemed that they came singing, all
Touched by the tongues of unseen fire ;
They sang as though to them desire
Were ordered and made musical,
Their singing bred no louder sound
Than did their going on the ground,
Their rhythmic numerous footfall.

They held my hands on either side—
“ We are the folk of hand-in-hand,
We are the folk who understand,”
Their song said, and my heart replied ;
And through the growing concourse ran
The knowledge of the love of man
Wherein our faith is justified.

VI

WHAT of the fingers that grope
When the blindness of sorrow stings ?
What of the heart empty of hope
And the sky empty of wings ?

The birds are away to bed ;
Come home, come home, my dear ;
Come where the pillow of faith is spread
And comfort nestles near.

You do not know the way
Nor me who would be your guide ;
You have forgotten my voice, you say,
And laid your faith aside.

The birds are away to rest
And the night falls, falls ;
Would not the drawn blinds be best,
And the four friendly walls ?

Never bid me go ;
Deny me not in your pain !
The voice that you have forgotten so
You shall remember again.

VII

SINCE the child died

I have made her a wreath of roses,
For this is the summer-tide,

When the fairest flower uncloses :
With roses red and white

I have made the grave look glad
Where she lies out of sight

Who was all I had.

If ever I love another child

And if she is gay,

I shall think how this one smiled

Who lies here to-day ;

I shall tremble to feel her stir,

Lest she pass too far, too far,

And lie along with her

For whom these roses are.

VIII

HOPES AND DREAMS

You come to me upon my dreams
Like a white sail on twilight seas,
Or as a moving music seems
To swim on silence to its close.
My hopes—how far you pass from those !
My dreams—how sure you are of these !

All things are novel since love came ;
Through the dim chapel of my heart
You walk with ministering flame
To light the candles of surprise.
My hopes—how teach them to be wise ?
My dreams—how bid them to depart ?

The thought of you is swift and strange
To find me out—because of you
I think my very self shall change,
And grow in tune with what you are.
My hopes—are they indeed so far ?
My dreams—shall they perhaps come true ?

IX

THE SPELL

BEFORE the night was cloven
Or morning's spears aflame,
I knew the spell was woven
To bind the day that came :

It seemed the great earth trembled,
The wind was strange and shy,
The ancient seas dissembled
Their lone and boding cry ;

And, as the sap that rises
Disturbs the heart of spring,
The sense of near surprises
Made all my pulses sing.

Blind hope and phantom warning
Are vaguely touched with fire—
My heart has faced the morning,
Desiring to desire !

And now the hills have framed you,
 Advancing careless yet,
And now my lips have named you,
 And now my hands have met.

Oh light of eyes uplifted !
 Oh pang of love begun !
Our wandering lives have drifted
 How strangely into one !

X

THE LIFE AT EASE

WARM fire, what of the bitter mist outside ?

Dear love, what of the many unbefriended ?

Bright hope, what of the thousand journeys ended
In graves unheard-of, neither deep nor wide ?—

This, that the old world will not be denied

Tumult and tears to prove the victory splendid ;

By the sad hands of Death is Beauty tended,
And the heart of trouble is the heart of pride.

But not this only—rather let me learn

That if the fire die down, the hope pass by,

And love go from me, then no less must I

Take up the inexplicable quest in turn,

Drive through the mist, live out the days that yearn,

Fight as my friends fight, die the death they die.

XI

APPLE-BLOSSOM

APPLE-BLOSSOM, like my lady's cheek
Flushing with the first clear light of day,
Apple-blossom, how am I to speak
Love in such a way
That my lady need no further seek
What to her heart shall the world's heart say ?

Apple-blossom, you that take the morn,
You are sunny, you are windy, you
Always like an ecstasy have worn
Colour and the dew,
Since that first sweet hour when you were born,
And before your eyes the Spring was new !

Apple-blossom, like my lady made,
Like my lady delicate and dear,
Apple-blossom, need I be afraid ?
Draws my lady near,
Gentle as are you, like you arrayed
In the flower and fragrance of the year !

Apple-blossom, see, I hold her hand,
Kiss her on red lips and eyes of grey,
Eyes that now awaking understand
What my own eyes say!—
Apple-blossom, all your joy was planned
Just to crown this joy of mine to-day!

XII

SPRING

A SWEET child lover
 Dreamed to the south ;
The Spring came over
 And kissed her mouth ;
The Spring came over
 The shining sea
To make lover and lover
 Of her and me.

And the child said, " O Wings
 And voices and flowers,
If we are the Spring's,
 You must be ours !
Just this Spring of Springs
 Let me think it's for me
That the voices and wings
 Have come over the sea ! "

XIII

NIGHT

You are full of grieving,
Night of quiet eyes and shadowed brow ;
Here's for your receiving
Sorrow to your sorrow ; take it now.

Sunshine flashed and faltered
All day long to make the waters bright ;
Now the seas are altered
To the mournful measure of the night.

Day was full of doing,
Full of stir and purpose and surprise ;
Come I now to wooing
Of your patient hands and starry eyes.

When you let your fingers
Close upon the fever of my cheeks,
Lo ! the moment lingers,
Time stands still, and out of silence speaks !

Soon, the murmuring morrow ;
 Soon, the things that only sound and seem ;
Yours, the ancient sorrow,
 Yours, the understanding and the dream.

Mine, the pain forecasting
 Other pains as transient as the first ;
Yours, the everlasting
 Knowledge of the best thing and the worst.

All uncomprehended
 Aims, and efforts failing of the mark,
Here are raised and blended
 With the calm and uncomplaining dark.

Slightest things and spacious
 Here are merged, and fitful and profound ;
Gloom to light is gracious
 And the silence is made one with sound.

Memory grows forgetful,
 Pain is one with peace and bane with balm ;
Times and tides are fretful,
 But Eternity is full of calm.

XIV

LIGHT LOVE

GIVE me not passion—not the touch
Of lips and limbs that yield too much—
Not the close shuddering shaken kiss
That says "A heart must break for this,"
But laughing kisses, soft and light
As these grey moths that cloud the night,
And the half-whimsical caress
That hints, not masters, happiness.

Sing me not songs that have their source
In raptures perilous perforce—
Not notes that climb the tragic stairs,
But delicate and dancing airs,
As inconsiderate as those gleams
From eyes like star-bewildered streams,
Those locks incontinently tossed
Round brows too lovely to be lost.

So, when the summer night is spent,
Take back what you not gave but lent,
And lay at some more stable shrine
The gift I never claimed for mine.
Ah! come not when the winter weeps,
With pallid mouth to haunt my sleeps,
Or hands that tremble at my door
To mind me of what went before.

XV

MOMENTS

WE live in moments—children at their play,
Creatures of storm and sunshine all life long ;
A shower of rain can set the whole world wrong,
And if a shadow stain the shining day,
Or a cloud come upon the face of May,
We have forgotten all the joys that throng
About our path—the life, the love, the song
Of birds, the bloom of buds, the scent of hay.

We live in moments. In the midst of dearth
And blight and hunger and remembrance sore,
If but a ripple break along the shore,
Or a wan sunbeam win a strenuous birth,
Joy and oblivion come upon the earth.
We live in moments. God be praised therefor !

XVI

OH you forget and you forgive,
And you take up your life anew,
But what's in life for me to live,
Forgiven and forgot by you ?

If there were any heav'n beside
The blueness of your eyes, maybe
I yet might find a way, for pride
Should succour, hope should set me free.

I yet might seek the assuaging hour
Between the north wind and the south,
If the whole world had any flower
Beside the sweetness of your mouth.

But you were rich where I was poor,
And you gave all where I gave nought ;
Your loss is nothing ; I endure
A loss in you that passes thought.

Rather forgive me not at all,
But keep one dream of me at least,
Where sorrow may hold festival
And bid remembrance to the feast.

I know you will not—you and chance
Are plighted friends to live and die ;
You set the happy hours to dance
The measures of your mirth—and I—

As one that lingers by the porch
And hears the music's beating bars
Flare up and flicker like a torch
And triumph in a storm of stars ;

Lured from the cold nocturnal clime,
The grey unkindness of the street,
In brain and blood he keeps the time
Of all the dreamy-dancing feet ;

The clinking glass, the laden plates,
The stir, the laughter and the light,
Torment his homelessness ; he hates
The wide inhospitable night—

So on the threshold of your heart
I needs must linger while I live,
And neither enter nor depart,
Since you forget me and forgive.

XVII

APRIL

WHAT is the use of April—what the use
Of her wild dreams, unless you bear your part ?
The Spring has let a thousand voices loose,
And shall not one find way into your heart ?

XVIII

IN THE WOODS

WHEN Lancelot and Guinevere
Walked from the Maying in the wood,
Surely they little understood
How much there was for hope and fear
To feed upon, and how the next
Short hour should leave them love-perplexed
And irremediably dear.

I think her hands were fine and fair
For capture of his heart—her eyes
More full of trouble than spring skies
When the late snow-clouds storm the air—
Her mouth too tender—and I guess
How close she caught his knightliness
In the bright bondage of her hair.

They must have walked a little way
Quietly, till the fear and hope
In silence gained too great a scope,
And found them foolish things to say ;
And then the foolishness would strike
Like poison at both hearts alike,
And set their perilous looks astray.

The eyes and cheeks of her grew hot,
The hands and mouth of her grew dry ;
Her heart was clamorous for reply,
But asked not and was answered not,
Till in a sudden dreadful shout
His passionate " Guinevere " rang out
To meet her pitiful " Lancelot."

XIX

THE DETERMINIST SPEAKS

LAST night God stood beside my bed in tears
Because He wrought me out of evil clay,
Granting no opportunity or way !
Whereby I might be stronger than the fears
That cloud my soul, the evil that appears
Within me and without, the griefs that slay—
“Forgive, forgive,” was all He found to say,
“And put aside resentment of the years.”

If one man wrong another of design
And make him sorry he was made to live,
The doer suffers more—with this for sign,
Alien, idle, impotent, fugitive,
Yet I forgave—and how could I forgive
Save that God's sorrow was more great than mine ?

XX

HERE by the light of the piled-up embers,
 Flickering off and on into flame,
If out of its hopes the heart remembers
 What never was so, is the heart to blame?
If it frames her face in the shade of a garden
 Where all the hours were sweet and slow,
For sure, if she knew, she would smile and pardon
 The heart that remembers what never was so.

The flower-beds were seemly and serious ever,
 The walks quite quiet the whole year long,
Till what I remember, what happened never,
 Made of the silence a place of song!
Heart, wild heart, like fire are the roses,
 And all the tall white lilies like flame!
If the heart suggests, if the heart supposes,
 If the heart desires, is the heart to blame?

XXI

Oh I think that I have journeyed, far and very far,
Seeking where you sojourn, guessing what you are,
Following where your feet went long and long ago,
And cleaving to the comfort of the secret that I know !

True, I hold your hands, dear, but they know not
that they keep
A gift of greater quiet than death does, or than sleep ;
True, I watch your eyes, dear, but then to me they
mean
More by all infinity than the things they've seen.

If I drink your beauty as a man drinks wine,
If I hold your body more than close to mine,
If I nurse your spirit as the glens nurse the streams,
What is it all but dreaming, dear, and what's the
worth of dreams ?

Shadowy and shifting are the lights of sky and sea,
Shadowy and shifting are the thoughts of you and me,
There's neither stable earth beneath nor wind of
truth above,

And lo ! I love the shadow of the lady that I love !

This was where your feet went, long and long ago,
And shall mine not follow in the light of what I know ?
Oh I think that I shall journey yet, far and very far,
On the quest of where you sojourn, in the hope of
what you are !

XXII

A GARDEN is my soul, which I
Must tend or slight until I die,
Or as a mansion, to be kept
With all its chambers cleaned and swept.

How shall I make my garden fit
For her I love to walk in it ?
How shall I make my house so fair
She shall be glad to sojourn there ?

I will arise betimes, and toil
To break the unconsenting soil,
And water with my blood and sweat
The flowers whose summer is not yet.

But all I can is not enough ;
Ever I find the paths too rough
For those dear feet, the leaves that stir
Not musical enough for her.

And what when, ere the task is o'er,
There proves no time to labour more,
And I must bear to learn my fate,
Because my love stands at the gate ?

Oh then if she consents to live
In the poor home that I can give,
How shall my garden flush with blooms,
And splendour reign in all my rooms !

But if she looks and turns away,
How shall the dark invade the day,
And a most chilly loneliness
My courts and corridors possess !

Then shall I have the heart to weed,
Or sow with hope of future seed ?
Shall not my home be rather thought,
If ill for her, then good for nought ?

Ah no ! for I shall not forget
To pay the past so high a debt,
If for a space the balance stood
Between the proofs of ill and good.

My love shall not be sad, nor think
She ever let her fancy link
Her life unto a life so poor
It could not suffer and endure,

She shall be proud that just because
She passed by where my garden was
From the base world there could arise
A soul made noble by her eyes.

She shall remember without shame
How to my gate her footsteps came,
And how she doubted her intent
Just for a moment ere she went.

How—for a space as brief and dear
As when, sometimes, by eye and ear,
God's glance and tone are strangely caught—
We two were wedded in her thought.

Sweet haunts my stable strength shall win,
As though for her to walk therein,
And I will make my mansion fair
Because she might have sojourned there.

XXIII

LADSLOVE

IF you have me for sweetheart and I have you for dear
There's little left for longing and little left to fear ;
The hungry winds will wander, the hungry seas will
 cry,
But we shall cease from hunger and let sad thoughts
 go by.

The winds must leave the waters, the stars must
 leave the night,
Ere we be done with loving or put away delight ;
The dawns shall all be golden, the skies shall all be
 clear,
If you have me for sweetheart and I have you for dear.

XXIV

HERE in a green field all the day
I have lain with my love at play ;
She has a happy dreamy face
Where older sorrow than she knows
Makes shadows suddenly, and goes
Before herself is quite aware ;
She has an idle childish way
Of letting eager fingers stray
Among the tangles of my hair,
While all her ardours interlace
Their sweetness with my fondness fast
—Of kissing me a hundred times,
Each kiss pressed closer than the last,
Mouth one with mouth in long embrace
—Of weaving endless sleepy rhymes,
As foolish as a baby's games,
About our never-parted names :
She has a body full of grace
As morning flowers are full of light ;
She is so wonderful and white
And passionate and soft and near,
I cannot touch her without fear
—Ah ! how to guess at what offence,

What bitter plenitude of pain,
What hopes and visions blindly slain,
What sins, what ventures held for vain,
Have purchased the world's innocence ?

XXV

ARTEMIS

BECAUSE your eyes are cold, your heart
Inviolably austere,
Shall I forego my chosen part
And cease to hold you dear ?

Because your lips are ignorant
Of how to kiss and cling,
Shall mine deny their purest want
Or seek another thing ?

Rather I will forego, deny,
The rest of life instead,
And make my talent fit to buy
A better thing than bread.

You take what no one can restore ;
You leave the strength of man ;
My hunger shall to me be more
Than food to others can.

I night by night have lain awake
And burnt with the desire
To have those cold breasts for my sake
Enkindled and afire

—To feel those cold arms, warm at last,
About my shoulders be,
And those cold eyes forget the past
And their virginity.

But now the heat of youth is spent,
And chaster fires succeed ;
Henceforth my spirit is content
To nurse a spirit-need :

The feet of men shall come and go,
The loves of men shall blaze :
I in my loneliness shall know
The light of larger days.

To lose and to renounce shall seem
More blest than to obtain ;
The past is but a shaken dream,
And yet not dreamt in vain.

For I win strength to bear and do
Whatever life has planned
And somewhere in the future you
—You too will understand.

When song has ceased out of your breath
And flame out of the stars,
And you and I and life and death
Are met beyond the bars,

Neither your pureness shall lose power
Nor I be still denied
Nor flesh be troubled in that hour
When I shall claim my bride.

XXVI

GIVE me quiet, that I may put to sleep
My eyes and heart,
Where the silences are wide, the shadows deep,
In a place apart.

I will not have the noise of falling streams
To lull me there,
Nor the soft raiment and swift feet of dreams
Upon the air.

Laughter and tears and memory and desire
Must all be done ;
I'll have no chill of wind nor warmth of fire,
Nor star, nor sun.

In wide grey spaces under wide grey skies
My rest I'll keep ;
Give me quiet, that I may put my eyes
And heart to sleep.

XXVII

THE clouds have wings but fly not,
The winds have strength but spare ;
The quiet eve approves me
Because I hush my prayer ;
I know she would deny not
Her heart's appointed task
—I know my lady loves me,
And yet I will not ask.

But when the sky shall flower
With keener light than eve's,
And midnight take the measure
Of what my soul believes
—Then verily shall power
Fulfil the thing it can,
And right be one with pleasure,
And maid be one with man.

XXVIII

Lo, I have doubted and complained,
And feared the things that might come to pass ;
I have missed the message of the wind in the grass,
I have stood in the sunlight and not warmed me,
I have not washed my soul when the Heav'ns rained,
I have denied the God whose breath informed me ;
I have been walled in by the hard wall of air,
Resisting because it would not seem to resist ;
I have left the lips of my loved ones unkissed,
And forgotten to find my friends always fair.
But now I have been given the great gift
Whereby the wall is broken and the clouds lift ;
I have learnt how wide and pure the wind is
Through the late hours of afternoon in summer—
How it comes timely and expected to the land,
And finds all easy to understand
Because it does not question the mysteries—
How, like a well-contented comer
To halls that greet him quietly, it blesses
All the spaces from the sky to the sky ;
The little happy rivers in their golden dresses
Sing and dance for it and know not why ;
Blue seas, blue hills, are young to its caresses,
And there is only itself to know it by.

Now I understand the wind and all ;
There is not an hour of the day that is not mine ;
I have a host of dreams that come at my call,
Each more than dear, more than divine.—

Can you guess what it was that had power to bring
My soul to drink of these heavenly streams ?

Do you know what it was that gave me the key of
dreams,

That opened the heart of the wind, and of every-
thing ?

It was that once, as I sat at your feet,
My heart breaking with the joy to be there,
You put out your hand, my beloved, my sweet,
You put out your hand and touched my hair.

XXIX

THE deepest seas and the furthest lands
Men have joined with roads and ships,
But all my thought is the linking of hands
And all my joy is the joining of lips.

With blaring of colour and shining of sound
On dim crusades the heroes go :
What have they conquered or what have they found
More than this that children know ?

Surely the hours are ill to spend
And the things of the world are ill to do
Unless each heart be lover and friend
Of all hearts else the whole world through.

Space and time shall drift and break
That none hath measured or understood ;
But here is eternity all to make
Ours : and so shall we find it good,

XXX

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

LADY, I know your gaze is bent
Across a listening continent
To where your sky-line far and pale
Expects the lifting of my sail
Out of the world it shuts from view
—The sky-line between me and you!

O Lady, Lady of my dreams,
O'er windy hills and tangled streams
You watch until my ship shall ride
The front of the arriving tide ;
You watch until the shore shall feel
The shock of my expected keel !

You know how tall the plume that I
Shall shake against the morning sky,
How bright my sword and lance ; you know
The very road that I must go,
Whereon my horse's hoofs in fire
Shall beat the tune of my desire.

So do your eyes expect me still
To top the summit of the hill ;
So are your ears prepared to note
My trumpet blown beyond the moat ;
So do your heart and soul await
My hand in summons at your gate !

Because of this the dawns arise
For me into enchanted skies,
And twilight knits a trembling space
About the shadows of your face,
And all the hours of darkness are
Made vast with you as with a star.

And thus for you the dusk is tense
With music of mine imminence,
And shifting shafts of noon define
The journey that shall yet be mine,
And dimly through the starlit air
Mine eyes confront you unaware.

Lo ! in this service year by year
My heart sets to you as a spear
Sets to the battle's central roar,
Or as the tide turns to the shore,
Or as the wind yearns to be free,
Or as Orion seeks the sea !

Lo ! I shall come—the years are cast
Vaguely into the vacant past
Like stones into a well : a smile
Is lovely on your lips the while,
And still your eyes unsleeping keep
The secret of the wells of sleep.

You see no novel thing nor strange ;
You change not with the moons that change ;
The blowing and the fading flowers
Return upon the unreckoned hours ;
The wandering seas that win and lose
Neither reward you nor refuse.

But ah ! the meeting when at last
Those hindering seas are overpassed,
And the coiled continents unfold
My silver spear and plume of gold
—When streams are crossed and gates flung wide,
And the long quest is satisfied !

XXXI

AUTUMN DAWN

I WOKE to find the world full of the morning,
And garnished gold and blue
With peace and passion sent for sweet forewarning
Of what the day should do
—Of what the day in happy hands was bringing,
Oh day all days above,
Whose mouth of song was consecrate to singing,
Whose eyes of love, to love !

I woke to feel the wafture of her tresses
Let loose to the sunbeams,
Whom all night long with pitiful caresses
I had wooed in barren dreams ;
I woke to find her warm face bent above me
More fair than the sunshine ;
I woke to feel—how came my love to love me ?—
Her mouth, dear God ! to mine !

XXXII

MEMORY

WORST gift and best of all God's gifts to men,
Memory ! He shaped thee as a crystal ball
Of light, fulfilling and comprising all ;
Thou wast His purpose, His design—and then
He shattered thee to fragments, and again
Shall mould and fashion thee of words that fall,
Hopes that deceive and memories that call,
And scriptures wonderful of blade and pen.

Worst gift and best !—for thou hast rendered vain
Death and farewell, and knowest to beget
Comfort and balm the soul is sick to gain.
Best gift and worst !—for thou art good—and yet
Thou hast filled our eyes with tears, wherethrough
we strain
To see thy face—and lo ! thou art Regret !

XXXIII

THE HEART OF THE FIRE

HEART of the dying fire, as bright and dear
As life, and as surely given over to death ;
As full of dreams as the wind that wandereth,
As full of voices as the falling year !—
All the tears of the world have quenched thee not,
All the eyes of the world have looked on thee,
Little lone fire in a lone spot,
In the little chamber loved so well of me !
I am friends with the fire by night when the shadows
 grow,
And the flames shudder and flap among the coals,
And the flames and the shadows are like lost souls,
And the shadows shudder and flap, and the hours
 are slow ;
For then I look into the heart of the dying fire,
And I know not what it means, nor what I desire,
But mine ears are awake to music blown from far,
And my sight is charged with visions ; and my heart
Stirs suddenly, and I am rapt apart
And burn alone in silence like a star ;

And the silence is full of sound, and the sound is
still,

And there is no motion, neither any rest ;

And colour and light are mingled to fulfil

What on earth is always yearned for and never
possessed.

Last night the voices as I sat alone

Called with a long cry and a far cry,

Summoning myself out from myself ; and I

Went with them easily ; for body and sense

Were lulled into an indolent impotence,

Rocked with the rocking of the shadows thrown

By the flames that slumbered and woke and would
not die.

Then—a strange landscape with a thousand streams,

Blue airs, and valleys such as no man tills,

A trumpet blowing lonely on the hills ;

And “ Lo ! ” I said, “ the country of my dreams ! ”—

There had I wandered to delightful measures,

There in the sunrise at the birth of years,

With those invincible unthinking pleasures

That come back on the memory like a blow

When the red dawning and the glint of spears

Shine round about us ; and before we know

The glamour and the rapture break and go

And the grey day strikes empty through our tears.

All the fond forms came back of what had been,

Like mountain-peaks emerging from a cloud,

No mere remembrance, but as things twice seen !—

I knew them and rejoiced and cried aloud.
Heart of the dying fire, what is the power
You have on the heart, and the brain, and the life
of me ?

Looking at you I saw the world in flower,
And fired with ardours of eternity :—
Valleys and castles and rivers of song and of story ;
The long white road of all desire ; the free
Gusts of the four horizons ; and in glory
The gaunt, the wind-saluted promontory,
Bracing itself against the beating sea.
I saw a town to the triumphant noon
Shouting and waving flags and clapping hands,
As through the concourse came the bannered bands,
Victors of many fights and many lands
—The swing and thunder of the marching feet,
The shattering trumpets and sweet bells in tune :
Lo ! how it offered a storm of praise and prayers
From porch and dome, the market and the street,
The flaunting houses and the streaming squares !
—Yonder a valley, and in the valley a mist,
And in the mist a host moving unseen ;
Ever and again a hundred points up-tossed,
Banners and lances brave in the wind and kissed
By the sun, and then dipping again, and lost,
As the masts of a mighty fleet in the trough of the
sea

Leap to the blue and dip to the rolling green ;
So seemed the light of banner and lance to me,

And passing, flooded my soul with a sudden sorrow,
Mixed of the menace of some vague to-morrow
And the blood and tears of a mournful might-have-
been.

And thinly and faintly, as ancient memory calls,
The clatter and trample and jingle, ringing clear,
Came to me mixed with winds and waterfalls,
Far-sounding through the distance, strange to hear.
And now methought the day was almost done ;
Only the red west scarred the twilight hours ;
And I beheld a river, and thereby
A castle old and grey amid the sky,
Lifting against that tumult of the sun
The bleak defiance of its soundless towers,
Where men in armour all the night must lie
And ladies have small comfort of their bowers ;
For one rode up, and stayed beneath the walls,
And blew upon a trumpet thrice, and turned,
And still, behind, the fires of sunset burned,
And there was silence in the listening halls.
Then lo !—a chapel, old and quiet and dim,
Full of the chanting of the vesper hymn,
Incense and white apparel and candles lit,
And faces holy through the gloom of it.
Far inland, in a hollow between two heights,
Shone to the west a solitary lake ;
And beyond, a city, lovely for the sake
Of those dim spires and far-off evening lights.
—And now the moon rode high among the stars

And turned the waters to a faery sea,
Where all the ways were silver, and led on
To fanes and domes and cupolas that shone
Invisibly below the sky-line ; there
Were elfin caves and haunts of wizardry,
Imagined homes of what is far and fair ;
And the moon shed a million points and bars
Of glory, and the spray was full of light ;
Wonder and expectation held the air,
And a great whiteness, like a burning fire,
Embracing all that magic and desire ;
White was the beach, and white the cliffs, and white
The ancient vasts and silences of night.
Earth, sky and sea were hushed and tense ; and I
Felt my heart beat to the stillness more and more
—Till dawned a faery ship where sea met sky
And sailed in silk and silver to the shore.
It touched ; and straightway on the beach were met,
Stung by the wind and with the waters wet,
Two forms that clung and kissed away regret.
Suddenly, swiftly, to the wandering moon
A cloud put out its arms, and that embrace
Obscured the world : mixed in the flying race
Cloud after cloud came up the steep, and soon
Of many hills only a single hill
Was largely visible ; upon its crest
A solitary pine stood black and still,
Lifting its branches in a prayer for rest,
Waiting until the gathering dark should sweep

About it, and a time be come for sleep ;
And near and near the swirling darkness swept,
And the night came about it, and it slept.—
And I at once out of my waking dream
Woke, and called back my senses from the void,
And knew the link with that sweet past destroyed,
And thoughts re-ranged that had been tempest-
tossed

Afar like boats upon a wildering stream ;
And all things different, and one thing lost.
But still there abode with me and would not go
What was not memory nor need, and yet
Fulfilled my spirit lest I should forget
The glamour and the glory and the glow,
And the dear paths my feet had learnt to know :
As one in passing sees a casual face
Half-turned a moment in the hurrying street,
And always afterwards those eyes are sweet
To think upon, and kind, yet vague and far,
And known not clearly whence or what they are
—So, so the winds and lights for a brief space,
The thoughts and dreams, were keen about my heart,
Soon to grow dim, but never to depart.
The trivial chamber and the smouldering grate
Were changed, and charged with silence and with
fate,
And dusk and wavering as a doubtful sky,
And strange, because so usual and so nigh.
Then thou cam'st to me suddenly in the room,

Turning thy face up flowerlike in the gloom,
Putting thine arms about me ; and thine eyes
Met mine that leapt to meet them ; and I saw
A slow emotion mixed of love and awe
Grow in them like the morning in the skies.
Love, O my love ! I knew was waiting there,
And awe was thine because thou cam'st to share
All I had seen of marvellous and fair ;
All that in this no longer lonely spot
In the heart of the dying fire I had learnt to see
—All that I dreamt, all that I knew, of what
The one thing lost, when found, should prove to be.

XXXIV

GOOD-BYE

AN hour ago the west and east were bright .
And you were here with me ;
Now, the first shadow of the coming night
Has altered sky and sea,
And where you stood there is an empty place,
And here alone am I
With the grey moors, the memory of your face,
And yon grey sky.

The lonely stars are breaking one by one,
The moon rides high and pale ;
But life for me falls with the fallen sun,
Wails with the seas that wail.
Then was the glory round me, now the gloom ;
But here alone am I
With the dark waves, and thoughts of death and
doom,
And so—good-bye.

XXXV

I KNOW a wood where the winds make all day long
A sighing sound and a sobbing sound, and keep
Their sorrows unassuaged of any song,
Hopeless of death and ignorant of sleep :
I lie in the wood and look up at the blue sky
Between the branches leafy or bare above,
And the hunger of wood and wind and season is I,
But the blue deeps are the blue eyes of my love.

Grey cascades in the breast of a brown hill
Feed the stream that here is friends with me ;
It dreams of a faery lake that it shall fill,
And finds only the salt and barren sea ;
I watch the shadows shift and the gleams go by,
Obscure with the pools below and the clouds above,
And the trouble of earth and air and water is I,
But the heart of the stream is the strange heart of
my love.

The ancient battle goes on by the river's marge,
—The sunlight on the plumes of knights and lords,
The blowing of trumpets, the clatter and clash of the
charge,
The glancing of lances and the breaking of swords.
I hear a song in praise of them that die,
I see the light of the bright flag flown above ;
And the old quest and the old desire is I,
But the voice of the call, as of old, is the love of my
love.

XXXVI

SMOOTH the pillow out,
Where I shall see your head
Lying with loose hair spread
When the dawn comes in to find
Two lovers close and kind
—What should your hands be busy about
But making our bed ?

And yet, I have loved so long
Those hands, and all they do
—Your hands, and all of you—
That now, when they caress
The couch of our happiness,
My heart cries out as at bitter wrong
To find this true.

I have hoped, with so much fear ;
I have laboured so to be
Of this pure precinct free,
I tremble, having won
—What is this you have done,
Giving a life so thrice too dear
To me, to me ?

O delicate and frail
And faint and fond and far !
Pale as a drowning star
In a moving sea of mist
—Too tender to be kissed,
Yet never so perilous, never so pale,
As now you are !—

Dear give me strength to keep
Our strong and splendid vow !
From that bright burning brow
Put off the aureole
—Be body as well as soul !
You that have taught a dread so deep,
Teach courage now !

XXXVII

LOVE'S TENDERNESS

BETWEEN my hands your little face
Lies like pale water in a cup,
Or some soft blossom gathered up
Thus tenderly, to lose no grace
It shone with in its woodland place.

Your soul is like your face, I think
—As meek, as holy and as fair
—A flower too wonderful to wear,
Water too delicate to drink:
Yet love instructs me not to shrink.

Suppose I bruise these petals pure?
Suppose I spill the water? Well,
If, asking that, I glimpse at Hell,
What need to let the doubt endure?
In Heav'n, is not the soul secure?

XXXVIII

I ASK not less
Of you, love, than the whole—
Your beauty and your tenderness,
The lights and shadows of your soul.

Since give I must,
What give I in return ?
—Not wisdom : all my wit is just
To look into your eyes and learn.

No grace nor gift
To furnish you delight
—No talent pure enough to lift
Into the sanction of your sight.

Not joys, for they
Are merely sprung from you ;
Nor fading sorrows laid away
For ever out of reach and view.

Yet, O my dear !
One gift is mine indeed
—One passion fit for you to hear,
One virtue fit for me to plead !

From you to me
Come earth and heav'n afire
I bring you my humility,
My need, my worship, my desire.

XXXIX

FORGET the wrong ; you know it was not meant ;
The ancient purpose of the stars was knit
With trivial trouble for the cause of it,
And the mouth spake without the heart's consent.
So long I had been loyal !—the event
Of noon became the morning's opposite ;
All the long years had won by worth or wit
One wasteful moment pitiably spent.

As comes the west wind from an isle afar,
Dim in the distance like a shrouded star,
Your voice comes from the time not yet at hand :—
“ All wrongs are made immortal from their birth,
And I forget not ; what is better worth,
I do forgive you, for I understand.”

XL

A LITTLE bird of song
Flew forth from the cage of my breast,
Till it came where my dreams belong
And there found rest.

Out of my heart it flew
And its flight was fast and far,
Yet I loosed it not, nor knew
That the door stood ajar.

Far, fast, its flying was,
Till it came where my thoughts belong,
And my darling grew glad because
Of the bird of song.

XLI

PHANTASY

“ MAIDEN of the soft speech and quiet ways,
Maiden of the strange face and shadowed hair,
Why are your eyes for ever made aware
Of something further than all nights and days ? ”

“ The nights and days pass by, the months and years ;
I wait for something which shall not pass by,
When there shall come a King with clamour and
cry,
With banners and the light of shaken spears.”

“ Comes he in peace as stars come in the night,
Or will the blood be black along his blade ?
Will his lips laugh, that none need be afraid,
Or his eyes be terrible out of the fight ? ”

“ Neither in peace nor war he entereth,
Neither with laughter comes he nor in wrath ;
Glad will the trumpets be about his path,
And terrible his eyes, but not from death.”

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XLII

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

SIR LANCELOT beside the mere
Rode at the golden close of day,
And the sad eyes of Guinevere
Went with him, with him, all the way.

The golden light to silver turned,
The mist came up out of the mere,
And steadily before him burned
The sombre gaze of Guinevere.

A dreadful chill about him crept,
The pleasant air to winter turned ;
Like the wan eyes of one that wept
Far through the mist the faint stars burned.

All that had sinned in days gone by
Like pale companions round him crept—
All that beneath the morning sky
Had called the night to mind and wept.

But strangest showed his own offence
Of all the shadows creeping by ;
The star of his magnificence
Fell from its station in the sky.

The lean wind robbed him of his pride ;
Keen grew the sting of his offence ;
And like a lamp within him died
The flame of his magnificence.

The drifting phantoms of the mere
Were death to pleasure and to pride ;
The joy he had of Guinevere
Faded into the dark and died.

Oh loss of hope with loss of day
In mist and shadow of the mere !—
Where with him, with him, all the way,
Went the sad eyes of Guinevere.

XLIII

LIFE AND DEATH

I HAVE lived—for I have seen afar
Upon the silence and the height
Cities enkindled where the star
Of morning slew the stars of night.

I have died—for I have watched the day
Be withered—as myself must be—
Slowly, beyond the gathering grey
And plangent plunging of the sea.

XLIV

BETWEEN my lady that is dead and me .
The gates stood guarded, after
Unfriendly earth forbade her eyes to see
And shut her lips from laughter.

There was no coming to her, no embrace,
No hope of love's to-morrow ;
Only the pale and unforgotten face
—And that was blurred by sorrow !

—Until one memory brought one white ray
Across the night of living
—One memory with sweetest words to say
Of healing and forgiving.

It brought to mind the waning afternoon,
The shadows growing slowly,
The wide encroaching twilight, and the moon,
And happiness made holy ;

It came upon me like a winged surprise
Out of the unlit portal,
With wonderful sweet light of ageless eyes
And touch of hands immortal.

XLV

If we met no more,
 Having parted, .
Would things be as before
 For the broken-hearted ?
Would the rain fall ?
 Would the sun shine ?
Would anything at all
 Be yours or mine ?

When the sun shone out
 Golden and clear,
I should have you beyond a doubt
 As near as you ever were near ;
When the high hills and low places
 Were full of the noise of rain,
That fairest face of faces
 Would be with me again.

If death meant dying,
 If love could pass,
Think you, would birds have wings for flying,
 Would flowers be born amid the grass ?
Surely all beautiful things
 Shall always be ours—
Remember the beating of wings
 And the shining of flowers.

XLVI

I WATCH my lady sitting alone at her ease
By the shaded lamp, drooping the lids of her eyes ;
The line of her cheek moves me ; her bosom's rise
Shakes my blood ; her hands are slack on her knees.
The air about her is hushed because she is still ;
Hope strangles my breath, but is quick to elude
The grope of my soul, my sudden and resolute will ;
My lady is dim and distant, not to be wooed.

I watch my lady sit alone for a while ;
She has not stirred at all, nor made a sign ;
Her hands are soft and subtle ; they should be
mine ;
I desire her lips, half shut in a half smile ;
The rise of her bosom moves me ; I am caught
By the sense of the days I lose, the nights I waste ;
My lady is fair as a dream and strange as a thought ;
My lady is warm and tender, to be embraced.

XLVII

SUNSET

PURE gold, pure gold, beneath a bank of storm,
And poplars standing up amid the gold !
Ah God, to find in colour and in form
The faith that grows not old !—

To feel all bitterness forgot, as now
That setting sun forgets the wrath of years,
And wear, like Heav'n, upon a gentle brow,
The peace that follows tears !

XLVIII

OXFORD

I CAME to Oxford in the light
Of a spring-coloured afternoon ;
Some clouds were grey and some were white,
And all were blown to such a tune
Of quiet rapture in the sky,
I laughed to see them laughing by.

I had been dreaming in the train
With thoughts at random from my book ;
I looked, and read, and looked again,
And suddenly to greet my look
Oxford shone up with every tower
Aspiring sweetly like a flower.

Home turn the feet of men that seek,
And home the hearts of children turn,
And none can teach the hour to speak
What every hour is free to learn ;
And all discover, late or soon,
Their golden Oxford afternoon.

XLIX

CHILD'S SONG

I KNOW the sky will fall one day
—The great green trees will topple down,
The spires will wither far away
Upon the battlemented town ;
When winds and waves forget to flow
And the wild song-birds cease from calling,
Then I shall take my shoes and go
To tell the King the sky is falling.

There's lots of things I've never done,
And lots of things I'll never see ;
The nearest rainbow ever spun
Is much too far away for me ;
But when the dark air's lost in snow
And the long quiet strikes appalling,
I learn how it will feel to go
To tell the King the sky is falling.

L

ENVOY

THE God who made denial
Has made fulfilment too,
And failure falls for trial
Of what success should do.
I heard church-bells one morning
In answer to my need,
And half their song was warning,
And half was just "God-speed."

And now I know disaster,
And shames beyond recall,
And hopes that wither faster
Than any flower at all—
But still the bells are chiming
Their message to my mind:
"Are hills too high for climbing?
Are seas too far to find?"



20673

Wanderlust.

Beyond the East the sunrise,
beyond the West the sea,
and East and West the Wanderlust
that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear,
to bid me say good-bye!
For the seas call, and the stars call,
and, oh, the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs,
nor what the blue hills are,
But man can have the sun for
friend, and for his guide a star.
And there's no end of voyaging
when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls, and the road
calls, and oh, the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there
by night and day
The old ships draw to home again,
the young ships sail away;
and come I may, but go I must,
and if men ask you why,
you may put the blame on the
stars and the sun and
the white road and the sky!

GERALD GOULD. 1885-

For love is born in pain and bred to loss;
Others it saves, itself it cannot save;
Its dreams are thick with fears past dreaming of;
The lover is naked; all he had, he gave;
Only he bears, as Christ bore, his own cross,
The burden of intolerable love.

Sonnet.



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The Question

(From The English Review)

WHEN the young love is breaking
into flower,
And stands upon the border of her hour,
Alert, and sweet, and swift,
How different does she show
From all the flowers that ever bloomed
in time!
This separate sovereign loveliness can
rhyme
Only with its own moment. What's to
know,
To gather from that shy and trustful
pride?
Or what has innocence to hide?
Then go—
Go to her, brave her, ask! Be sure
She is as kind as she is pure:
She slept, and wakes, and tries to keep
The hush and flame of sleep.
Go to her!—Nay:
She falters, ruddy with amaze,
A dryad half awake,
With wonder wid'ning in her gaze
Like ripples on a lake,
And, asking, you may hurt her. Come
away,
While there is time, while all is yet to
say,
Nor tempt the moment. Love, you know,
is strange:
Men call love changeless, but the world
will change.
I asked too much of love, I know not
how:
Her eyes laughed at me under a clear
brow,
And then one day nothing was as before.
Through the still hours—O debt no love
can pay!—
My love lay quiet till the end of day,
And then rose up, and went, and came
no more.

GERALD GOULD.

